

## **It's All Real. by ebonyfae**

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**Genre:** Alternate Ending, F/M, Mileven, short mention of Will's PTSD, there will be tears :

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**Summary:**

After defeating the Demogorgon, Eleven and Mike go out and have some fun to get their mind off of things....but things don't go as planned.

## **It's All Real.**

### **Author's Note:**

This fic is based on the song Fake You Out by Twenty One Pilots (yes I know I'm cringy but it's a very Eleven-ish song so I wanted to try this fic out)

This is my first Stranger Things fic, so I'm sorry if I'm a little off on some things!!!

It seemed like yesterday this whole fiasco happened, y'know?

Like this never happened.

"Be back by 9:00 PM kids!" Mom shouted at me from the car. The stars shined down before us, reflecting off Mom's car as she drove off.

We sat on the park grass, watching fireflies fly around in the park. It was deadly silent. So still, you never even knew we were there. How do you talk when your life seems to be in a long nightmare? There were pros, but most of it was cons. I sometimes still can't process it all.

"I'm sorry." She muttered. I looked up at her, her hazel eyes met with mine.

"There is no reason to be. It's not your fault." I replied softly, picking at the small flowers at the buzzed grass.

"Mike....I made a bad mistake. I want to forget but...look at where we are now." I could hear her voice cracking and failing to form words.

"We all make mistakes. You're not alone though. I even made mistakes between all of this."

"But..aren't you ever scared you'll hurt another person? Break another promise? Something will come back for you?" She croaked.

That made me think:

*I'm scared that something else will come back for you*

*I'm scared someone or something will hurt you again.*

*I'm scared just as much as you are.*

I sighed, picking the petals of a daisy.

"I know how you feel."

"Honest?"

"Friends don't lie."

She gave a faded smile, and looked back down at the grass she held in her hands.

She scooted closer to me, and layed her head on my shoulder. I turned to see her, seeing little clear drops, sparkling in the moonlight appear around her eyes.

"El...oh no...please don't cry..." I wiped the drops from her saddened eyes.

"I feel....so...so.."

"Lost?"

"Yes."

"I do too."

"Can we be lost together, Mike?"

"Of course. Together, we can find our own way out."

"I guess."

The stars glared at us. I wish they were closer, I wish I could have something in my reach. But everything misses my grasp.

"I wish this was all a dream." she rasped.

"...I don't."

She looked at me as if I was crazy.

I placed my hand on her cheek, rubbing my thumb along the side of it. Though she didn't know what this meant, she felt comfortable.

"If The Demogorgon hadn't arrived, I wouldn't have learned how to do things without any official help. I wouldn't have learned the supernatural is real. I wouldn't have been even closer to my friends. You wouldn't even have been safe....and I....wouldn't have met you."

She looked at me, eyes wet with hurt, and sobbed into my sweatshirt.

"Eleven—please no...It's ok. It's ok. You're safe. I'm safe....I'm still here. We're ok." I cooed, petting her head. I never noticed how much it grew since I first met her.

She unlocked from my chest. She just looked up at the stars, tears rolling down her face. I gave a little sigh. "Do you need some alone time? To go into your safe space?"

"....Safe Space?" she muttered.

"It's—It's a place in your mind that keeps you calm when you feel mad or sad or stressed. Will told me about it when he went to the school counselor when he had flashbacks."

She wiped the mucus from her nose. "Oh....then yes.."

I scooted farther from her. She closed her eyes, head up near the stars. She began breathing slower and slower. The moment seemed so tense than relaxing to me.

It seemed like hours passed since I heard her voice. For a split second I thought she had died.

"...It seems like I'm reliving every moment again. For every good one

there is a bad one. I want the good, Mike."

*Don't we all Eleven?*

"Well getting good feelings isn't easy...it comes naturally—"

"But look at all the bad things I did Mike! I killed so many people...I-I unleashed the Demagorgon...I caused you guys to hurt yourselves...I-I —"

"Eleven stop that's—"

"WHATS NOT TRUE MIKE? THAT I'M NOT THE BAD PERSON AFTER ALL? THAT I KEEP HURTING PEOPLE? THAT YOU STILL LIKE ME EVEN THOUGH I'VE CAUSED YOU TO GO THROUGH SO MUCH TROUBLE? THAT I-I..."

"Eleven. Stop. Calm down." I said harshly. Her breathing was static and misplaced that I thought she might faint.

"I can't be calm. Mike—have you ever killed someone? Have you caused lives to die? Have you put the world in trouble? No?!"

"Well...if you're the monster....I am too."

That got her quiet.

"No...Mike.."

"Yes. If you are so bad....I'll be bad with you. We are the same being..with both wish you hadn't done things. But if you think you're really bad, then I am too."

She became silent for awhile.

"El...we both want to feel free from this hurt and trouble that has been brought on us. But we can't. It's hard. So..if you want to talk about it, I do too. If you need to cry, I'll let you. If you want to do anything you need, I'll do whatever it takes because we are the same, no matter what you did, or what powers you have. No matter how much trouble you caused....I see we are the same."

Her hazel eyes twinkled at my words. Tears strolled down her face again, and I leaned in to kiss her. Though kisses barely last seconds this felt like years. I could feel the smile creep upon her face on the sides of her lips. She pulled away, and I held her in my arms. I focused on her. Even under the dark light you can tell she was glowing red. "I love you Mike."

"I love you two El."

There was a short stab of silence that filled the park, as the wind blew around us, tossing the grass around back and forth.

She put her head in my lap so she can look up at me.

"...Monsters?" She said steadily, her gaze focused on me.

"Monsters."